SPECIAL THANKS TO ARBY'S
ON ERIE BLVD. FOR LETTING ME
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TEMPLE OF SCHLOCK

#18

JUNE
1989

C/o PAUL DECIRCE, 409 HIXSON AVE, SYRACUSE, NY 13206

Hey hey we're back! And only a month later, too (Gee— we really are back on schedule!) Chris is still in charge. Paul still sunbathing somewhere. Anyway, issues are still 75¢ each, subscriptions $4.50 for 6 issues. Overseas, a buck an issue, or free in trade for your fanzine. All aboard! Here we go

Hammer
HITS HORROR
ON THE HEAD

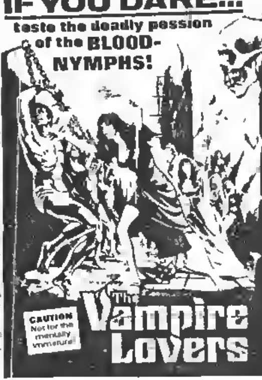
AN IN-DEPTH SERIES BY JOHN P. FEENEY

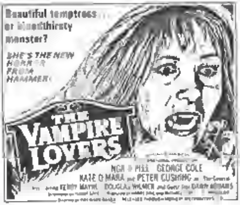
PART 7

The source for THE VAMPIRE LOVERS was Joseph Sheridan LeFanu's story Carmilla. And as LUST FOR A VAMPIRE and TWINS OF EVIL grew out of this first film, LeFanu's work is the inspiration for the entire trilogy, a classic in erotic horror.

Referred to by Rev. Montague Summers as "the best of the English vampire stories," Carmilla was first published in the London magazine "The Dark Blue" in 1871. One of its readers was Bram Stoker, then a young part-time newspaper reporter. It is fair to assume that LeFanu influenced Stoker's later classic Dracula, and thus Carmilla is the well-spring for the modern Western tradition of the vampire.

Though Carmilla is the work for which he is best remembered, LeFanu was a successful journalist, editor of "Dublin University Magazine" and author of a number of acclaimed ghost stories. LeFanu had a morose nature exacerbated by the death of his sister at the age of twenty seven and the premature death of his wife in 1858. Following the demise of the latter, he became a recluse in his home on Merrion Square, Dublin, earning the sobriquet "Invisible Prince." It was during these latter years, while LeFanu was given to walks in his secluded garden, tormented by nightmares, disposed to writing late at night and consuming vast quantities of tea, that Carmilla was published.


IF YOU DARE...
taste the deadly passion
of the BLOOD-NYMPHS!
CAUTION
Not for the mentally immature!
The Vampire Lovers



Two years before Carmilla, one of his most critically acclaimed short stories, "Green Tea," was published and his last novel, ironically titled Willing To Die, appeared in print only days before his death in 1873. His works were rescued from obscurity in 1923 by M.R. James, who published a collection of forgotten ghost stories.

In 1960, Roger Vadim adapted Carmilla to the screen in BLOOD AND ROSES. Placing the story in a contemporary setting, employing black-and-white dream sequences with a surrealist effect and telling the tale from Carmilla's point of view resulted in a film which only bordered on success. The media was too restricted at the time to allow the full treatment LeFanu's tale deserved. Mel Ferrer, Annette Vadim, and Elsa Martinelli starred.

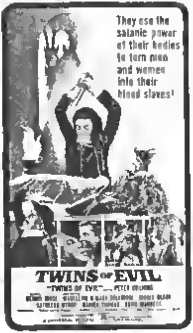
Two other cinematic reworkings of LeFanu's tale failed even to approach the level of Vadim's works. TERROR IN THE CRYPT (1963) and THE BLOOD-SPATTERED BRIDE (1969), also released as 'TIL DEATH DO US PART, were weak, ultimately forgettable efforts.

Thus the stage was set for Hammer to apply its talents toward a production of Carmilla and the result was 1970's THE VAMPIRE LOVERS. Significantly, Hammer was undergoing changes at the time and independent producers were being brought in to do work for the company. One of those was Harry Fine and it was he who decided upon a film adaptation of LeFanu's story. Another important development was THE VAMPIRE LOVERS being co-produced by Hollywood's horror magnate American International, where Edgar Allan Poe movies had enjoyed great popularity. Tudor Gates wrote the script for THE VAMPIRE LOVERS and in doing so as well for LUST FOR A VAMPIRE and TWINS OF EVIL provided a thread of consistency throughout the films. The movies were directed by Roy Ward Baker, Jimmy Sangster, and John Hough respectively. All three did credible work, though Baker's efficient handling of LOVERS came off the best.

THE VAMPIRE LOVERS opens with a dream sequence in which Baron Hartog beheads a beautiful but fanged female member of the Karnstein family. This is years before the central story takes place and from that point on the film is faithful to LeFanu's original story. As a guest in the home of General Spielsdorf (Peter Cushing), the vampiress, who uses an anagrammatical disguise, being variously called Mircalla, Marcilla, and Carmilla, seduces and eventually kills the General's daughter (Pippa Steele). (The lesbian nature of the vampire is emphasized by the bite being directed at the breast rather than the jugular.)

Moving on to Mr. Morton's estate, Carmilla proceeds to seduce his daughter. But during the course of the deadly courtship Carmilla's true nature is suspected and to preserve herself she disposes of any cast member, male or female, who constitutes a threat. And she accomplishes it with bloodthirsty, erotic gusto until cornered in her tomb by General Spielsdorf, Mr. Morton, and the aged Baron Hartog. There she is staked and beheaded in time to save Morton's daughter.

Beyond direction, a script faithful to the original story, a strong cast, and exhaustive attention to the details of the historical period in which the story is set, there is good reason why THE VAMPIRE LOVERS succeeded to the extent of being able to stand on its own as a classic. Not the least of which is that nudity and the interaction between Carmilla and her victims flows naturally from the story; its quality is a mix of grace, innocence and eroticism rather than gratuitous and sensational. The casting of Ingrid Pitt as Carmilla was another key factor. Though she did not fit the mold of LeFanu's slender, small in features and languid girl, Pitt redefined the image. A Polish emigree who had done work in European films, her heavy accent and voluptuous figure combined with a world weary air and intense, earthy sexuality to conjure up a devastating Carmilla. Her performance was rather heavy at times, making her seem like Bela Lugosi with a body, but on the subtle level she succeeded in conveying the torment Carmilla felt when torn between affection for her victims and her need to consume them.



Ingrid Pitt did a lot of fine work in the genre, notably in COUNTESS DRACULA, THE WICKER MAN, and THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD.

but her performance in THE VAMPIRE LOVERS was of itself sufficient to elevate her to the pantheon of horror queens.

In LUST FOR A VAMPIRE, Carmilla's stomping ground was a girls' finishing school in the vicinity of Karnstein Castle. Many of the elements which gave strength to LOVERS were present, but the erotic aspects appeared more forced and assumed a clearly sadistic nature while the nudity was at times contrived. Michael Johnson provided an uninspiring hero smitten with Carmilla and Yutte Stensgaard, in the title role, seems better placed on the stage of a Scandinavian beauty contest than stepping out of a coffin. Yet the death of the vampiress in this film gives us the extremely haunting image of the beautiful Carmilla standing untouched in the flames of a burning castle until she is staked by a falling beam. Despite its weaknesses, LUST FOR A VAMPIRE is an excellent film that deserves more kudos than it is prone to receive owing to THE VAMPIRE LOVERS being such a tough act to follow. (ED. NOTE: LUST FOR A VAMPIRE is shown on T.V. as TO LOVE A VAMPIRE, cut to ribbons as expected.)

TWINS OF EVIL brought into play a number of plot innovations and opposing elements to create a nearly overpowering film. At the center of the story are the twin nieces (Madeleine and Mary Collinson) of witch hunter and religious fanatic Gustav Weil (Peter Cushing). Carmilla has been relegated to a secondary character portrayed by Katya Keith and the real villain is Count Karnstein, a family descendant who uses black magic to resurrect Carmilla so she can turn him into a vampire. Damien Thomas is wonderfully wicked as the Count and naturally comes to focus his attention on Weil's nieces, one of whom is evil and succumbs to his advances. (The other maintains her innocence and falls in love with a handsome instructor at the nearby girls' school who has run afoul of Uncle Gustav.)

The use of identical twins allows for obvious confusion and plot thickening while throughout the film the Collinsons waste no opportunity to display the charms with which they graced a "Playboy" centerfold.

The climactic confrontation occurs when Weil and his witch hunting Brotherhood take time out from burning half the population at the stake to confront the Count who has been draining the other half of its blood. The good twin and her beau survive the memorable battle to provide a touch of happiness amid the widespread carnage.

TWINS' major drawback lay in Hammer's having to compress such a complicated plot into a narrow time span. That they succeeded to the degree they did is remarkable but if television ever opts to make a mini-series out of a horror story it is to be hoped TWINS OF EVIL is the vehicle selected.

Thus, the Karnstein Trilogy, a monument in the annals of vampire cinema and a filmed distillation of traditional Western perceptions of the lore and legends of the undead. Those privileged to contribute to the making of these films and everyone who has ever enjoyed watching them owe considerable tribute to the strange and nearly forgotten "Invisible Prince" of Merrion Square. (NEXT MONTH: The conclusion, part 9)

SHOCKS ON A SHOESTRING
A PROFILE OF
MONTE HELLMAN

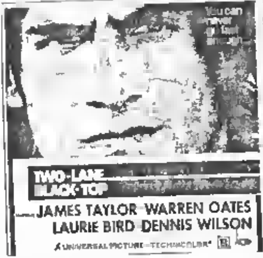
BY
LAWRENCE
McCALLUM

Filmmaker Roger Corman has long been known as a man who discovers and grooms talented newcomers to the film industry. Such personalities as Francis Ford Coppola, Martin Scorsese, and Jonathan Demme first emerged as part of the Corman stable. Long before the creation of Concorde or New World, however, Roger and Gene Corman formed their own production company called Filmgroup. Probably the first neophyte director to work for the Corman brothers was Monte Hellman.

For the few who are familiar with his name, Hellman is known mostly as the director of Jack Nicholson's earliest films. One effort combined the teen gang and psychological horror genre in an attempt to portray the "true horror" of contemporary society. THE WILD RIDE (1960) starred Nicholson as a hard-drinking, self-destructive party boy whose nihilism destroys those around him. Johnny (Nicholson) exudes enough charisma to attract a small band of young followers including a shy youth who idolizes him and becomes his protege. Eventually, when the shy young man is disillusioned by Johnny's callousness, there is a reckless confrontation between the two men. A frantic car chase with the death of the young man ensues. Johnny is arrested and stoically accepts his fate.

THE WILD RIDE was done for somewhere around $20 000 and lacked the elements of other efforts dealing with the same subject matter Jack Nicholson's casual style lapsed into boredom and the rest of the cast was no better than fair Monte Hellman directed with obvious restraint but, despite the absence of sensationalism his subtlety only added to the feeling of lethargy Roger Corman's THE WILD ANGELS (1966) also dealt with a self-destructive loner but was also handled with considerable flair and helped by good art direction

BEAST FROM THE HAUNTED CAVE (1959) which combined supernatural thriller with gangster melodrama, remains a favorite among cultists. This spotty but sometimes frightening B-chiller concerned a gang of small-time hoods who pull off a burglary and then hide out at a ski lodge Previous to the burglary the hoods created a diversion by causing a cave in at an old mine shaft This disaster proves to be an effective subterfuge but also provokes the wrath of the deserted mine's ghastly resident which resembles a cross between a squid and a giant spider After claiming several victims the creature is finally incinerated when its thick matted hair is ignited by a flare pistol. The former girlfriend of the gang leader survives along with a handsome ski instructor who was being held as a hostage.


You can never go fast enough
TWO-LANE BLACKTOP
JAMES TAYLOR WARREN OATES
LAURIE BIRD DENNIS WILSON
A UNIVERSAL PICTURE - TECHNICOLOR®
R

Monte Hellman juggled the cliches managing to eke a few good moments from his low budget programmer material. The shocks were some snatches of credible dialogue and the film was helped by effective low key black & white photography In between the horrific sequences, the dialogue served characters the chance to explore "the meaning of it all " Eventually the head gangster's moll (Sheila Carroll) reforms under the influence of the young ski instructor (Michale Forrest) Living life to the hilt the film argues. means living honestly and sharing that life with another person

Michael Forrest and Sheila Carroll were merely adequate in their roles but the supporting cast was more than competent Frank Wolff as the gang leader, brought a subtle ruthlessness to his role He could give a hard edge to his dialogue that was far better than any amount of eyeball rolling and sneering could be (Vincent Price take heed!) Wally Campo was both forceful and sometimes amusing in one of his shrill wiry little man roles Richard Sinatra, as an ineffectual hood turned hero projected a proper mixture of vulnerability and boorishness into his role He was yet another actor whose career never quite blossomed Some readers may remember him as the hard-bitten sergeant in Frank Sinatra's NONE BUT THE BRAVE (1965) Anyone know if the two Sinatra's are related?

Outside of Monte Hellman's debut as a director BEAST FROM THE HAUNTED CAVE also introduced actor Chris Robinson to movie-goers. Horror buffs will remember Robinson as the star of STANLEY (1972) where he played a Vietnam vet who saw rattlesnakes as man's best friend Producer Gene Corman hired the young actor more for his make-up skills than his acting ability. Robinson constructed the title creature from a number of odds and ends that included chicken wire, some old canvas and "angel hair" He did as good a job as possible when it came to manipulating the creature costume

Monte Hellman's other efforts were generally small personal films that only received limited distribution. These include BACK DOOR TO HELL (1964). RIDE IN THE WHIRLWIND (1965) and FLIGHT TO FURY (1966). all three featuring Jack Nicholson One of the best known was the cinema verite THE SHOOTING (1966) which was written by and co-starred Nicholson The only medium budget Hellman effort within memory was a mildly diverting road picture entitled TWO-LANE BLACKTOP (1971), starring Warren Oates

Although he achieved a small degree of artistic success Monte Hellman never enjoyed the recognition of other Corman discoveries After earning cult status and briefly managing to penetrate the mainstream film industry Hellman joined the ranks of other directors who seemingly drifted into oblivion (ED NOTE: Hellman started directing the lousy Hammer production CALL HIM MR SHATTER but was replaced by Michael Carreras COCKFIGHTER. also titled BORN TO KILL, GAMBLIN' MAN and WILD DRIFTER was directed by Hellman for Corman and is considered to be one of Hellman's best SILENT NIGHT DEADLY NIGHT 3 is, unfortunately his return to directing So much for small. personal films --Chris)

THE ZINE SCENE

MORE RECOMMENDED SLEAZY Reading

BLOOD TIMES--Louis Paul, 44 East 5th St Brooklyn NY 11218 The issue I received was #6/7 and it was a complete overview of all of Dario Argento's films, including OPERA, his latest There's also some neat rare stills, and the material seems to be well researched I assume that it usually covers different types of films so check it out $1 each

PSYCHO VIDEO--Gary Sheley P O Box 7333 Federal Way WA 98003 The first issue appeared recently, and I liked it A basic video review zine, one that covers a wide variety of rarer new releases (POSITIVE I D, etc.) Very organized, and seems to be determined A promising effort!!!! $1 a pop

SHEER FILTH--David Flint, 39 Holly Street, Offerton, Stockport SK1 4BW England This is a big zine full of interviews with sleazy guys and reviews of classic and suggestive films Kind of adult oriented, but if you dig this type of thing then check it out $2 each

THE TERRORNAUTS- Dennis Fischer 366 N Spaulding Ave #12 Los Angeles CA 90036 Contains rarer a Carradine rememberance, another interview from Clive "I'll talk to anyone" Barker, an interview with David Lynch, Larry Cohen on THE WICKED STEPMOTHER and a lot more 4 issues for $10

REVIEWS!

GRANDMA'S HOUSE (Omega Ent ; 1988) Reviewed by Paul V DeCirce

Here's a 1989 video release that will provide some late-night thrills for sure GRANDMA'S HOUSE is a very simple psychological thriller, no more no less It makes no ridiculous effort to display bloodshed, and such a tactic could only hurt this type of film Director Peter Rader should be noted as doing a good job, as the actors kept this film flowing with an itching realism I found surprising

Two teenage kids have recently lost their last remaining parent (father) and move in with Grandma and Grandpa Immediately we are shown the animosity the kids hold for the entire situation Basically, the older sister (beautiful, of course) and the younger brother (a small Harrison Ford, no doubt?) start with the eye-rolling from the first reel Then the boy witnesses his grandparents dragging a hitchhiker into their cellar. This does not settle well with the boy, especially when he finds out that it's his long lost mother. She's been in "State Custody" for years, and oh is she crazy! After disposing of Grandma and a cop, she begins chasing the siblings throughout the woods Eventually, the kid uses his mind and blows the film into the open, and the final scene has the boy confronting his grandfather, who has just murdered his unstable mother

One downfall is the snotty, too-cool jocko boyfriend the girl picks up A cheer came from me when her brother accidentally shot him through the front door The film is practically bloodless, but captivating nonetheless, as atmosphere and directing override any need for blood-letting. This is a rare commodity nowadays, and it's nice to see a good film without "Entrail Vision "

Cannibal Hookers

they're after your body . . .

CANNIBAL HOOKERS (1987) Reviewed by Paul V DeCirce

In the vein of HOLLYWOOD CHAINSAW HOOKERS (TOG #16) comes CANNIBAL HOOKERS I'm not saying which was first, but they were closely released so I'm not sure Anyway, this is a direct-to-video effort from Fandom's Donald Farmer, the guy who lives in Tennessee and does an occasional issue of "Splatter Times " Anyway, let's take a look at the film

Two young buxom girls decide to try and get into a sorority entitled Gamma Zeta Beta, and are introduced to it by a stuck-up chick who I'd love to slap They have to dress up like hookers (what do you think they're wearing now? Oprah Winfrey collectibles?) and pick up a trick Luckily they run into some friends, and are off the hook (pun intended, Paul? -Chris) What they fail to notice is the fact that REAL hookers are showing out on guys all over the city, and soon our talented cast is falling victim to these lecherous lmmelise

Plotwise that's all Donald wrote. Seems as if there's more loose ends in this movie than in all of the Dallas Cheerleaders. But it was semi enjoyable, although I can't say why. The girls were kinda cute, there were one or two (I think one) funny one-liners and a frothing LUNCH MEAT-type (TOS #17) cannibal. Ceremonies, bloodletting, handcuffing, etc. Quite an interesting affair really. Although it's not an original concept, the acting nil, and the gore cheesy, I still smirk at the thought of it. I guess CANNIBAL HOOKERS grows on you like a leech, true, but at least it sticks with you (so does the clap--Chris)

I can't sign off without mentioning that a TOS contributor was given "Location Manager" on the credits, but I'll withhold his name in case he's sorry I mentioned that.

McCABE AND MRS. MILLER (1971) Reviewed by Rod N K Dever

McCABE AND MRS. MILLER is the most depressing early 70's movie I've seen since GIMME SHELTER. It's also the most beautiful all-around movie in its time, along with BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID. I'm very ambivalent about this flick. I love the way it's done and hate what it says, maybe because deep down I agree with it, and I feel very cleverly manipulated by the people responsible.

Take Robert Altman, for instance, maker of M.A.S.H. and BREWSTER McCLOUD, neither a happy film but each a funny film. Altman needs enough to start McCABE off as a funny film, knows that the more he builds his protagonist up the more we will feel for him when he's shot the hell down.

Take his protagonist, for instance. He's a card-dealing, derby wearing, cigar-chomping, egg-sucking (make that egg drinking) sonuvabitch of an ill reputed gunfighter named McCabe, played perfectly by Warren Beatty. Now, we all remember Beatty from BONNIE AND CLYDE, some of us recall him in something awful called KALEIDOSCOPE, and too few of us have seen him in Arthur Penn's MICKEY ONE. It isn't easy to accept him as such a character, particularly if you've read the 1959 novel from which this flick came. Though, Beatty pulls it off from the moment he gets off his horse and walks into the Presbyterian Church saloon.

Now, about Presbyterian Church: it's supposed to be a zinc-mining town, and it looks it. The set is one of the most realistic I've seen. Cripes, THE MOLLY MAGUIRES was shot in Eckley, PA, and "Playboy" could still get away with saying the sets looked fake. Ah, but Presbyterian Church is something else entirely. It looks and feels like an old West mining town right down from its Chinatown shanties to its dogs to its miners (not a Hollywood type in the lot). It looks awful, this town/set, so awful that from the very first meeting you know that McCabe ain't gonna have no trouble setting up his whorehouse.

He doesn't either. He recruits three girls, Pinto Kate, 2 for 1 Lil, and Almighty Alma, for $200.00 and sets up a right successful self-service enterprise. Does alright, too, even if Almighty Alma has trouble holding it in before she gets to the potty (not to mention she's prone to attack her customers), and then Mrs. Miller comes along.

Mrs. Miller is Julie Christie. Or Julie Christie is Mrs. Miller. Anyway, they're 1 and the same. Christie's really good. Like she was so good in DARLING ya hated her, she was so good in ZHIVAGO I LOVED her, she was so bad in FAHRENHEIT 451 that everybody hated her; and she's so good as Mrs. Miller that McCabe loves her.

Mrs. Miller is a whore. She admits it right when McCabe is making ogle eyes at her, it doesn't faze her. She wants to team up with him, strictly business that is, with more girls and better hygiene. She even wants to set up a bath house for the miners to use before they visit the girls. She explains all this whilst wolfing down the ugliest meal outside a horror movie. McCabe listens to her, goes along with her, doesn't even complain that she takes every man in town as a customer. He listens and dooms himself.

Because Big Business sets in, along with the frontier Mafia, and all the humanity of the 1st hour is destroyed coldly and deliberately in the last.

Humanity--there are some priceless bits in here. Like McCabe riding his 3 whores into town while the church cross is being res erected and while Leonard Cohen sings "Sisters of Mercy." Like a girl saying she won't do it with no Chinks

McCABE & MRS.
MILLER

A Film by Robert Altman

Like the miners pondering over the possible ways Chinese girls are built. (The more things change...) Like the soundtrack playing "Silent Night" while the cameras move to McCabe's round non-virgins. Like Mrs. Miller admitting she loves McCabe more than her opium (or maybe never realizing). Like 1 miner saying he don't mind taking baths, he just don't like people telling him WHEN. Like customer and whore peeping into the action going on next bedroom. Like the classic line that's ejaculated when it's 1st discovered that the church is on fire. Humanity--from a whore's birthday party to the town minister silently watching a man get beat to death, then go slouching back to his church, never saying a word. Altman nails so many things it's uncanny, and it's all filmed in a stunning supply of yellows and blues. Maybe that's Altman's view of humans: they're always blue, but they're even more yellow.

No one is honest in this movie. No one. It's like Bava's TWITCH OF THE DEATH NERVE but west. Each person herein is out for himself in some way; even love is selfish. McCabe wouldn't get his ass whupped if he wouldn't try to impress Mrs. Miller (who always makes him pay for her love). Like he says of himself, he's got poetry in him, and it sure ain't his fault the only woman he ever cared for is a whore, now is it?

That's another thing. In this baby Altman doesn't like women a whole lot. Sure Mrs. Miller's eyes light up with childish glee, but only after she's smoked up. Sure she kindly tells McCabe to eat his dinner before it gets cold, but only after she's chewed his wrinkled ass off. And yeah she comforts McCabe at her breast, but only after he's failed at having sex with her. Sure she worries about him, but only after he's got hired killers after him because he held out for more money to impress her. Sure she loves him... yeah, sure.

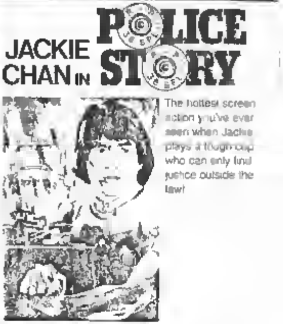
The end is real, that's all I can say, populate with like 20 minutes of search & kill gunfight in a soft horrible snowfall, complete with strangely funny stumbling motions as a man runs for his life, complete with a burning church and an empty town and a bullet in the gut, complete with the meanest 7 foot tall bastard of a villain within memory, complete with pain, money, and pain.

Money and pain -- the movie in two words (actually, in three, if you count "and" as a word- BD). There's all types of pain, and damned if almost every one of them isn't caused by money. Altman's 1 eagle who wouldn't shit us, and he leaves us bitter, frustrated, helpless, all in the midst of splendid photography and gentle music!!

Money and pain -- whores and udder women. Watch out for them travelin' ladies, fella. You'll fight every man for them and they'll leave you in the snow every time.

But then, if a frog had wings, it wouldn't bump his ass so much.

(Mr. Rotten- er- Bad N.K.- never would like to say that his friend, the Keeper of the Pit, has a swell poster catalogue available for only $2. For more ghoul and unusual FUN-ishment, write for the small BUTT sleazy movie poster catalogue to the Poster Pit, R.D. #3, Box 195, Catawissa, PA 1782)


JACKIE CHAN IN
POLICE STORY
38 SPL
The hottest screen action you've ever seen when Jackie plays a tough cop who can only find justice outside the law!

JACKIE CHAN'S POLICE FORCE (Golden Harvest, Hong Kong; 1986) Reviewed by Chris Poggiali

a.k.a. -- POLICE STORY

Flat out, this is the best kung fu action movie I've seen in a long time. The stunts are both incredible and amusing, the story is fairly fast-paced, and there's plenty of comedy.

Jackie Chan plays Kevin, a bumbling goofball of a cop who always manages to put up a good fight. He's a terrific fighter and a good police officer. At the beginning, Kevin and some other cops are about to move in on a big drug deal and bust head dealer Tom Koo. The well-planned operation gets botched, but Kevin manages to catch Koo. He's then assigned to protect the lovely Selena, who's going to testify against Koo in court. After a lot of comic situations Selena is kidnapped by Koo's men so Kevin will look like a fool in the courtroom and Koo will escape a jail term.

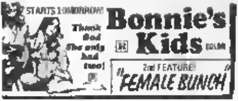
Kevin doesn't give up so easily, though. He finds Selena, but it's a trap set up by one of fellow policemen. Koo then kills the cop with Kevin's gun, so now it looks like Kevin is a cop-killer. The last fifteen minutes explode with non stop kung fu excitement, including slo-mo fights, eye-popping stunts, and more shattered glass than you'll ever see. POLICE FORCE is a highly recommended action pic, better than any

Chuck Nosehair or Jean Claude God Damn snoozer. Definitely worth a peek.

BONNIE'S KIDS (General Film; 1974) Reviewed by Chris Poggiali

Here's another sordid tale from the people who brought us THE CANDY SNATCHERS (TOS #3) and CENTERFOLD GIRLS. Like those two films, this one stars Tiffany Bolling, whose claim to fame was that she was the lead in the first and last Duo-Vision movie, WICKED WICKED.

Ellie (Bolling) and Myra (Robin Mattson) are two pretty sisters who live in your average, redneck infested small southern town. Ellie is a waitress at a local diner while Myra is just a high school girl; both of them, though, are the town's main attractions in the men's eyes. Their drunken, lecherous guardian (Leo Gordon, who was the good guy in the great Roger Corman film THE INTRUDER) has card games at the house every night, and Myra flirts with his friends constantly. This annoys him, because he has taken a liking to her and does not want her flashing her wares to his buddies. One night he catches her and her boyfriend getting friendly, and he flies into a rage and tries to rape her. Ellie walks in with a shotgun and blows him into oblivion.



Although they've gotten rid of one problem, they're faced with an even bigger one. Not wanting to get arrested for murder, they ditch the body and take off to visit their Uncle Ben (Scott Brady). Ben is a rich businessman who has a mansion in the country, a lesbian wife (Lenore Stevens), and two hired thugs, Digger (Timothy Brown) and Eddie (Alex Rocco). Ben welcomes Ellie and Myra with open arms and gives them whatever they want, partly because he's too busy getting an illegal deal together. Digger and Eddie are assigned by Ben to hire a dopey detective named Larry (Steven Sandor) to pick up a package of money and deliver it to someone. Ben then has Ellie take a little vacation, and the only string attached is that she must pick up a package for him-- it turns out to be the one Larry is delivering. They meet, and instead of just doing what they were told, they have to get curious and look inside. What do they find? A lot of money. And what does Ellie think? Why not take the money and split, right? After a tumble in the hotel bed, they're off with the loot, and Digger and Eddie are hot on their tails. Ben's wife, meanwhile, is putting the moves on Myra because Ben is too busy screaming at Digger and Eddie to pay any attention to her.

BONNIE'S KIDS is a better than average exploitation movie that benefits from a good unpredictable script and a cast of familiar faces (in fact, look for CAGNEY AND LACEY'S Sharon Gless as a waitress). Director Arthur Marks keeps the action moving at a swift pace and the whole thing comes off as such an enjoyable adventure that when the bummer ending rolls around, you really don't care. Besides, everyone in this film is so stupid that I didn't mind when most of them tasted hot lead. BONNIE'S KIDS is cheap, sleazy fun.

AMSTERDAMNED (Vestron; Foreign; 1988) Reviewed by Kris Gilpin

Great schlocky title, and the flick's directed accordingly by Dick Maas, who made the similarly silly/fun THE LIFT a few years ago. Here, in this dub job, there's a killer Radioactive-Waste Face (though we don't see him until the end) swimming around the many canals of Amsterdam at night, hacking up folks with diving knives. The flick starts out pretty well as a hanging, bloody body is discovered in the morning by a boat tour of kids and nuns; the body is dragged along the glass top of the vessel as it passes underneath the deceased, its blood smearing along the top of the glass all the while (this actually comes across as funny schlock-- Maas seems to make those kinds of films-- not disgusting). The Cop Star lives with his bitchy young daughter; she answers the phone with "He's in the john. I expect he's masturbating." There are funny moments, as when he apprehends a knife-wielding kid in a bakery; the cop smashes the punk's face into a cake so the storeowner chides him "You used excessive force and ruined my cake! We use the best ingredients only!" Meanwhile, the kid's eating the frosting. After one victim loses his head, we cut from the morgue to a close-up of eggs, over which a hand squirts some ketchup. The cop gets involved with Laura, a pretty blonde with great lungs, as the killer kills some more (one hot blonde in a clear plastic dinghy lies with her legs spread, a knife slices up into the raft between her thighs, then, from a crotch point-of-view, zooms toward the camera. I did hate to see the old drunk lose his nice houseboat, though; that was kinda mean). The film is well photographed and shows off the water logged city to good advantage. There's a long, good chase in speedboats while cars drive over the ramps overhead, and I let out one satisfied yell when the underwater slasher takes one in the face (the film seems to go on and on, though, and has a couple of false endings. This is not a major problem, though). One gets the idea that, should Maas ever take his tongue out of his cheek, he could make quite a slick thriller one day, as he is very proficient technically. Meanwhile, it looks like it'd be neat to have a boat in water at the bottom of your garage, and there's a suicide by harpoon (all-cameras) in the movie (well, that's a first). It ends with the cop and Laura pedaling away in love in a small Canal Bike-boat while a stupid song plays on over the end credits (sorry if I spoiled anything for you). Like THE LIFT, AMSTERDAMNED is an enjoyable foreign Shit Flick--worth a rental--but not a great one.

STEWARDESS SCHOOL (Columbia; 1987) Reviewed by John Meptis

T & A fans beware! This flaccid flick scores a zero in the titillation department. The specter of AIDS has reared its ugly head in all aspects of our culture, now including the skin and buff films that were a staple of drive ins and late night cable. Trust me, readers, there's not much to get your pubic hairs in an uproar about. I've seen more flesh in a convent. God, I miss the 70's! But anyway, STEWARDESS SCHOOL is a basically harmless film about a couple of horny guys who go to stewardess school to score with the babes (clichés abound--an ex hooker, wrestler lesbo, a fat lesbo, a punker, etc.). This motley crew has been allowed in the stewardess school because the standards have dropped. The president is a good natured horny fool and his underling wants to make life hell for the would-be stews. Sounds like a POLICE ACADEMY/AIRPLANE rip-off? Go to the head of the class.

Danny Most, a.k.a. Ralph Malph, is one of the perverts (named George Bunkle!). He basically reprises his "Happy Days" role, adding assorted smirks, leers and farts whenever appropriate (classic line--"When in doubt, whip it out.")

Wendy Jo Sperber of "Bosom Buddies" fame (remember? She played the fat one?) plays the fat one. Hey guys! We need an unsightly broad around to scream and whine and remind us of reality. She also can plug a hole in the airplane with her butt at 20,000 feet, but I don't want to give away any more plot surprises.

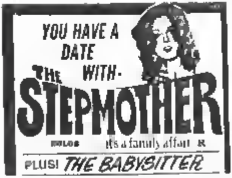
All in all, the film is not bad. Keep your eyes on Judy Landers as an ex-prostitute named Sugar DuBois (all she has to do is breathe and I'm entertained!), the obligatory scuzzy bikers who crash the snotty preppy party scene, Sherman Hemsley as the blind guy who has a bomb placed underneath his airplane seat by a lunatic terrorist, and the incredible Sandahl Bergman (CONAN). Stromboli Airlines. Go figure.

THE STEPMOTHER (Crown International, 1971) Reviewed by Chris Poggiali

THE STEPMOTHER is pointless, disjointed and not the sex tease opus the ads might lead you to expect. Instead, it attempts to be a mystery thriller, but both the mystery and the thrills were left out of the production.

Architect Alejandro Rey comes back from a lonesome trip and finds one of his friends in bed with his wife. In a fit of anger, he kills him and buries the body in a field on the side of a road. A no-nonsense cop doing a bad Robert Stack imitation investigates the murder and thinks he's found the killer: some guy who murdered his girlfriend in a car about ten feet away from where Rey was burying the body! Talk about coincidences!

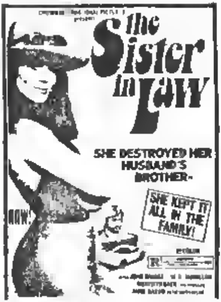
Unfortunately, Rey thinks his wife is having an affair with his partner (Larry Linville, better known as Frank Burns on M*A*S*H), so one day he goes nuts and shoves him off the top of a building they're constructing. SPLAT! To complicate matters even more, Rey's son (from another marriage) shows up and hops in the sack with his wife! Well, that explains the title (sort of). The detective takes a while to prove that Rey is the killer, but by that time, I'm afraid no one will care what happens. The major problem with this movie (besides everything—hey, let's not waste too much space on only one shitty movie!) is that the viewer knows who the killer is, making the story totally pointless. As I said before, or now that I think about it, maybe I didn't, but who cares, 'cause I'll say it anyway: NOTHING HAPPENS IN THIS THING! NOTHING! ZERO! ZILCH! Uggh! Claudia Jennings is in for a few minutes (yeah, enough time to strip and wiggle the goods). That and the funny freeze frames that ended every other scene are the only excuses I can think of to check out this pic. "Directed" by Hikmet Avedis, the auteur of such titles as DR. MINX, THE TEACHER and MORTUARY. It's films like THE STEPMOTHER that gave Crown a bad name.


YOU HAVE A DATE WITH-
THE STEPMOTHER
it's a family affair R
PLUS! THE BABYSITTER

THE SISTER-IN-LAW (Crown Intl.; 1974) Reviewed by Chris "Sucker" Poggiali

Not as bad as THE STEPMOTHER, but certainly not to be confused with a good film either. Another pointless film about people I don't care about, and probably no one else will either. Good thing I kept THE STEPMOTHER review short, so I can tear apart this film too!

John Savage (DEER HUNTER) is a hippie. His brother is a wealthy writer with a writer's block who is picking up cash by delivering drugs for some baddies. Brother has hot wife. John like wife. Wife nympho and like John. John and wife get it on. Brother dislike what goes on. See Spot run (just checking to see if you're still with me). See Brother set John up with shipment. See hippie John and girl toss nasty drugs away. See baddies catch up with hippie John and gun him down. Bleed John, bleed. Watch Brother and nympho wife leave country (or at least skip town—hey, I'm still awake, so don't bitch). See pretty end credits. Hear John sing. Sing, John, sing. Did ya hear me, John?! I said SING, JOHN, SING! Heh heh...good thing you're an actor, John. Bad thing you're in this, though. Dick and Jane are more enjoyable to follow, but remember--this is much more enjoyable than THE STEPMOTHER (Tip for this issue--avoid anything with Crown in the credits)


the Sister in Law
SHE DESTROYED HER HUSBAND'S BROTHER-
NOW!
SHE KEPT IT ALL IN THE FAMILY!
R

ED-I-SNORE-I-AL!
A boob from your humble editors

by Chris Poggiali

The Fango Nerd and the Schlockster have been retired for the month. Fango's chewing on cud and reading the Englund interview in any issue of "Gorezone" and the Schlockster is on vacation, watching DAWN OF THE DEAD or FISTS OF FURY or reading the latest King book. Things have gone to pot around the Temple, no fooling. Toe operations, late pay checks, lousy movies, cold cuts not cut thin enough, etc. etc. ad nauseum. Bad craziness, or even Crazy Badness (good thing I switched to this column; looked like the words were slanting a bit, y'know).

Watching late night boob tube again: late night boob tube with terrible late night boob tube commercials. You know these commercials, don't ya? Nancy Kwan wants to rub crushed pearls on my face (that's why Oriental women look so young, ya see?). That fat guy who has lost somethin' like 700 pounds: "My mama died, and I was the fat to attend her funeral. I was devastated. Thanks to Dick Gregory, I now weigh only 400 pounds and I eat only 12 chickens and 9 pounds of bacon for lunch instead of 47 eggs (only 3 less than Cool Hand Luke, y'know) and 7 pizzas and a keg of Coors and 17 bananas. I slimmed down, and you can too! Send for this catalogue!" That sleazy guy with the squeaky voice who can teach everyone how to get rich quick: "Do you know that you can become a millionaire in only one weekend? Send me 20 bucks and I'll show you how."

So I type another issue. Carefully, at first. #17 goes out without a hitch. A little late, but without a hitch. Then #18, what you're rubbing your eyeballs across now, is set to go into production, and things get screwed up. Big toe gets messed, no money floats in, wha splits, and I'm BROKE! So I'm typing and managing well and then I'm halfway through the review of THE STEPMOTHER and the drugs kick in and I'm fueled like a jet and moving non-stop and making sense all no at... Think I'll call it a night. No condition to type (or write). Call it a night and flick on the ole boob tube...

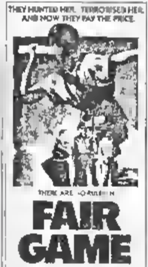
THE SZUREK ZONE!

Views and reviews by the one and only Dave Szurek

FAIR GAME (Australian; 1985) Leave it to the Aussies to give us a "persecuted female vs. crazy nuts" thriller more into suspense than S&M porno. And yet, this is not a sterile movie. There is an underlying element of sleaze, the pace is properly but not frenetically fast, and excitement is generated, especially in the crowd-pleasing finale. Not quite as lurid as the video box gives the impression of being, but more interesting in other ways. The same box describes it as a cross between MAD MAX, THE ROAD WARRIOR, DEATH RACE 2000 and COBRA. Well, it's from the same country as the first two alright, like the third there's a car, and I don't know what the fourth connection is.

The setting is the Outback. The heroine is the attractive proprietess of a wildlife sanctuary thereabouts. The villains are a trio of professional [illegible] hunters (they hunt [illegible]?--Chris) who travel about in an elaborate car they call "The

Beast," offing kangaroos for their pelts. On a trip to town, she strikes back when the guys indulge in sexual harassment and nutty misogynists that they are they really get pissed As revenge, they drive out to her place and take nude photographs She returns to town to report this incident to the police, but the constable is out so she stays behind to encounter the lowlifes and demolish their camera. This REALLY pisses them off. Driven by anger, sadism and madness, the three occupy the sanctuary, casting the lady in a MOST DANGEROUS GAME-type role chasing her around the grounds, subjecting her to indignities, and obviously having the time of their lives Yes they're sick bastards but that's what the story calls for and thankfully--excuse me for saying this--- none of them are played by David A Hess No male ever comes to her aid, and she's not depicted as a helpless female stereotype to begin with They aren't so joyful when the tables turn The hunters become the hunted and it's demonstrated that they've chosen a pretty formidable prey


THEY HUNTED HER. TERRORISED HER.
AND NOW THEY PAY THE PRICE.
THERE ARE ...
FAIR GAME

Credits indicate that it was originally in Dolby Sound, further indicating that the producers didn't originally consider it a lost cause If it played theatrically in the States, I don't know about it

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Editor's note: The last installment of John P. Feeney's series "Hammer Hits Horror on the Head" will be seen in this issue instead of next issue, like we had originally planned The Temple is kinda cluttered, and we don't want to misplace Part 8 between now and July, so...

Hammer HITS HORROR ON THE HEAD

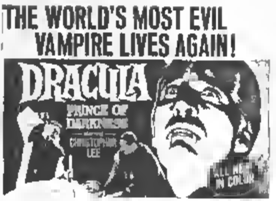
PART 8
● ○ ● ○ ●
THE CONCLUSION

by John P Feeney

Regretfully the restrictions of time and space to which we are all subject have precluded my offering TOS readers as full and thorough a history of Hammer Films as I would have wished In the end I have related the bare bones only For those whose interest has been piqued there are numerous books and periodicals available on the subject and the movies themselves to be seen

I would be remiss not to acknowledge the make-up artists, character actors, bit players, camera and prop men, and all those who make endeavors like Hammer possible yet whose labors are remembered to posterity with a footnote So it is even here

Those too young to recall the golden days of Hammer cannot relate to them in the context of their era or to the thrills and controversies the films engendered when first released For them I have attempted to reconstruct an image although I fear, in the words of poet E A Robinson, that I've "come to consecrate the flicker not the flame." To those who do remember I've enjoyed sharing the memories



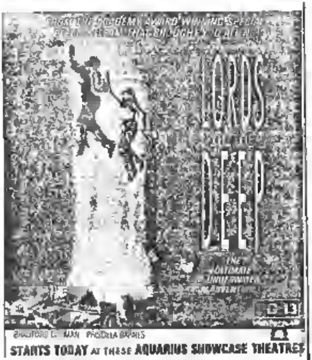
The final word I leave to Barrie Pattison who wrote in his vampire film anthology The Seal of Dracula: "Whether you admire their films or consider

> them a brutalization of their kind there is no escaping Hammer's influence Their elegance has been simulated, their excesses exceeded worldwide."

LORDS OF THE DEEP (Concorde, 1989) Reviewed by Sam Krueger

LORDS OF THE DEEP or should I say LORDS OF THE SHALLOW, is yet another one of Roger Corman's releases this year An underwater sci-fi thriller and I'm using "thriller" very loosely, LORDS OF THE DEEP is about a research expedition to the bottom of the sea It's believed purpose is to find some alternate means of supplying the human race with natural resources. Ya see, by the year 2020, most of the Earth's natural resources have been depleted and the atmosphere has been contaminated to the point that the ozone layer has almost been depreciated

However, the crew does not know that the true intention of the expedition is to kill them off In effect, after numerous expeditions and the killing of crew members, this would decrease the human population. Sort of like the concept from Shirley


LORDS OF THE DEEP
THE ULTIMATE UNDERWATER ADVENTURE
PG-13
BRADFORD DILLMAN PRISCILLA BARNES
STARTS TODAY AT THESE AQUARIUS SHOWCASE THEATRES

Jackson's "The Lottery." The only one who knows the truth about the expedition is the commander played by Bradford Dillman (PIRANHA, BUG). It is his responsibility, with the help of the central computer system "Trilby," to kill off the crew. But wait, there's a slight alteration in the plans! The crew's head researcher (Priscilla Barnes from THREE'S COMPANY) discovers an underwater life form that disobeys all the laws of nature. The creatures are actually peaceful aliens that help the crew discover a new way of survival. In the end, most of the crew escapes from the evil clutches of the commander, who is killed by an earthquake that engulfs the whole research station.

There's not much I can really say about this film except that it sucks. The performances by Dillman and Barnes (sounds like a circus troop) were very mean. The sets and costumes were blah, the script was very confusing, and much of the dialogue sounded like it had been written by a third grader. Was there any action? I don't know. Was there? I wouldn't recommend LORDS OF THE DEEP as a rental when it comes out on video. If it shows up on T.V., turn the channel.

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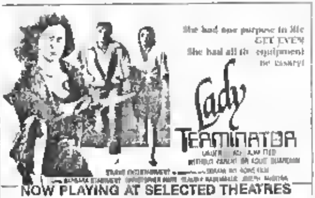
Contributors: Ned N.K. Daver, John F. Feeney, Kris Gilpin, Sam Krueger, Lawrence McCallum, John Raptis and Dave Szurek
Graphic Artist: Barry "The Evil Twin" Wooldridge

LADY TERMINATOR (Studio Entertainment; Foreign; 1989) Reviewed by Sam Krueger

Well, here she is, Fraulein Schwarzenegger in her first role as the Lady Terminator. Just kidding. Actually, she's played by Barbara Constable and she's not German, but (I think) Malaysian (where the hell did this movie come from anyway?). LADY TERMINATOR, a foreign action film now in theatres, is at times very similar to THE TERMINATOR.

Lady Terminator is actually an anthropologist. She is possessed by the spirit of a South Seas queen, and inconvenienced further by a bloodthirsty eel that has taken up residence in her vagina. The spirit is out to get revenge on her hundredth husband's great granddaughter. Say what? So Lady Terminator and the great granddaughter meet up in a nightclub where the hero (he just happens to be a cop) saves the latter's life from a near fatal confrontation with Lady Terminator. After the two escape from the nightclub, they go to a police station where they think they will be safe. However, if you've seen THE TERMINATOR, you'll know what happens next. Yup, our indestructible Lady Terminator shows up at the station and kills everyone except our damsel and hero, who are able to escape and find refuge in the woods. Everything that follows is pretty much clockwork, and in the end the bitch gets screwed and everybody lives happily ever after.

The action and violence is not very exciting. With the exception of the opening scene, which caught me off-guard, there were really no thrills in the tradition of the Schwarzenegger films. The dialogue was kept to a minimum. The dubbing was not up to par, and the script could have been a lot better. Nevertheless, you may want to see it just to witness how this broad eliminates her male victims. Ouch!


She had one purpose in life
GET EVEN
She had all the equipment to do it!
Lady TERMINATOR
NOW PLAYING AT SELECTED THEATRES

NEXT ISSUE: Our second anniversary issue, with essays on Jack Hill and CARNIVAL OF SOULS, lots of reviews, and more Times Square idiocy from Sam "Not Freddie" Krueger! Be there or be rectangular!